LAURA CK
Feat. River Harper
THE GREAT EMPTINESS

Opposite Ourselves

How much should I care about a country that hates me?
How could I turn my back on a people that gave me everything?

Is there a way to move past always being afraid?
How do I gain the courage to face another day?
How do I brace for blunt discrimination?
How do I know it won't always be this way?

In a world of gradients, why do we see opposites?
In another's face why don't we see ourselves?

Where is the line between alive and merely watching?
Is there a way to be other than stuck?
Does it matter that I am still breathing?
Will I ever figure out this mess?

Soothed to sleep with war & famine
The voice of nightly news' lullaby
Why would you second guess we were raised with the klaxon
Warning imminent destruction?

Glimpses 2

The air's alive with electricity
it wakens up my senses
An aura radiates from everything
it clarifies & cleanses
I see beyond the surface here & now
A list of icons commune
A pattern etches across all I see
Is this real or illusion?

In every space & item found within
a packet of instructions
A universe of stars & galaxies
alive in my depression

I now exist outside of myself
No longer owned by this form
I surrender all: my heart & mind
Begin a second lifetime

What Will It Take?

What was that experience?
It felt so real, yet makes no sense

Just short of being, and just short of doing I am
It might be a blessing, or maybe it means that I'm damned.

If I start this journey, then I start for nobody's sake
I'll do it now, and if not, then what will it take?

What if I'm not good enough?
Will my entry be rebuffed?

Just short of being, and just short of doing I am
It might be a blessing, or maybe it means that I'm damned

If I start this journey, then I start for nobody's sake
I'll do it now, and if not, then what will it take?

I think I can't
I think I can't
What if I could?
I think I might
What if I could?
What if I try?

When will I get my day of rest?
Not before I do my best

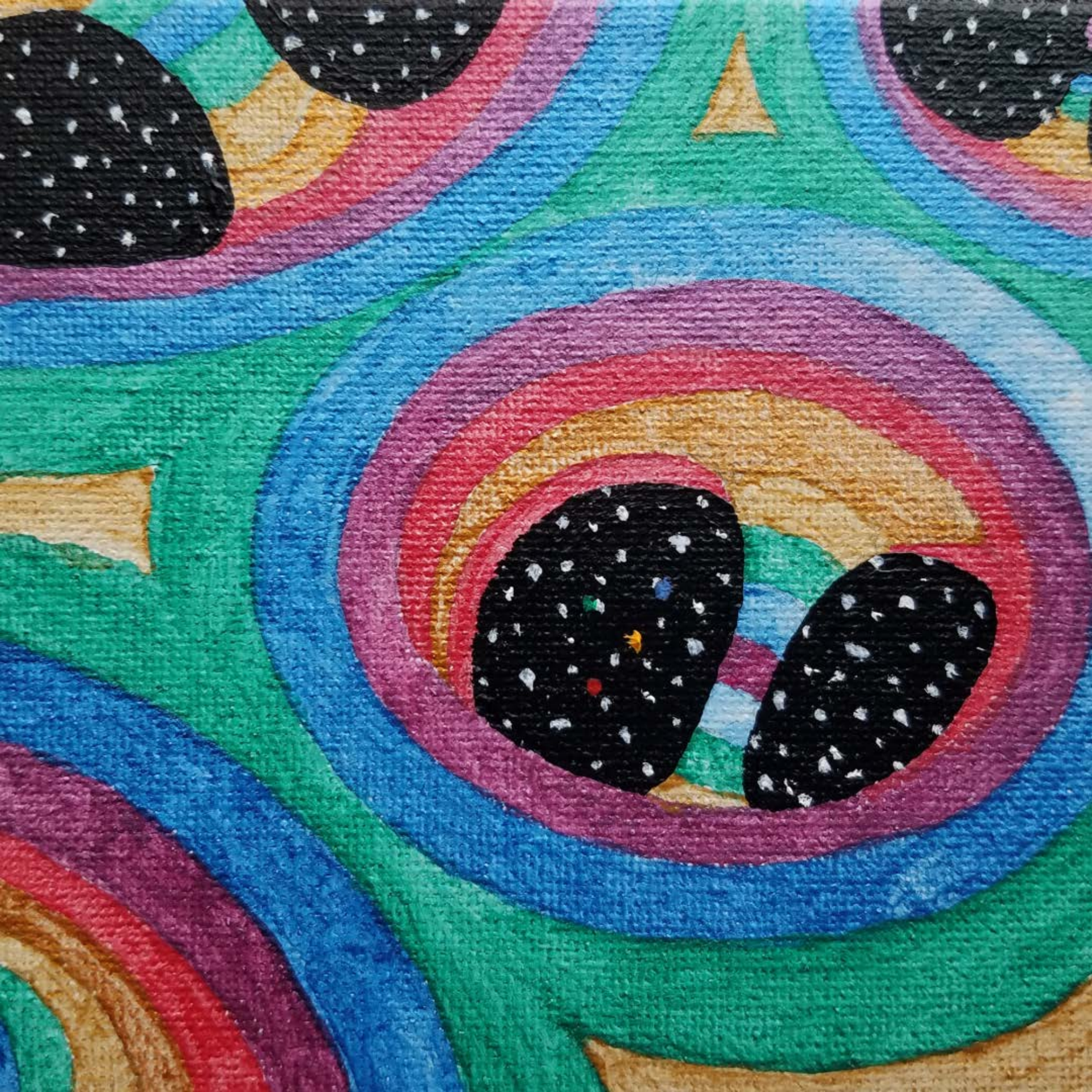
Invocation / Welcome

Attentive, no expectations
Open heart, concentration
Here I sit, legs crossed under
Turn my mind to spacious wonder

Clear of thought, clear attention
Relax frame, relax tension
Recognize breathing freely
Find truth as it is really

Shining light I saw before
Patiently, return once more
Silently, expect nothing
Be the truth, there's no bluffing

Emily: Welcome to the Field, we are the Keepers
Bury all your fears, we guide the seekers
Vicious are The False, Intention your compass



The Field of The Keepers

Color without boundary
Brighter than fireworks
Ground without bottom
Round corners mystery lurks

Emily's eyes begin to sing
She speaks to me saying nothing

Somehow, motionless, comforting
Without contact she holds me

An array of options
Appears in vision
Council meets within
The vision becomes so

A crowd of False encircle me
A void of space and certainty
The Keeper spaced in between
The specters vanish instantly

Em'ly remains dauntless
Before the barren gap
Colors fill like water
The Field repaired like new

Desire and the Path

Emily: What do you seek?
Mel: I want harmony, to unite the strong and meek
Emily: You wish to make them get along?
Mel: I want to help correct the wrong

Emily: As a tool to empower you I'll teach you how to manifest
Mel: Like vision boards? I'm not sure that's the best
Emily: Not as crass, but the method is the same
Mel: I'm game
Emily: All possibilities are plausible.
Focus on a certainty to make it material
Mel: Then I imagine a red bird and create a cardinal?

Emily: This place is made of thought.
It's shaped and nurtured by will and imagination.
Every point of the Field is a portal.
Allow it to be the focus of your manifestation

*Mel makes a small portal

Emily: Well done! When you can make a portal with a destination
it will be the end of your lesson

The Pit and The Prophecy

There exists a place in The Field where no Keeper walks
A place in The Field no Keeper goes
Such is The Pit: a place in The Field so dangerous
A place in The Field where no light escapes

No one travels, no one visits
No one bothers manifesting
None have ventured, none have returned
None have conquered, overcoming

It is spoken: someone will come from outside The Field
One who is neither False nor Keeper
It is spoken: this one will do what no one has done
This one will venture to the darkness

They shall travel, they shall visit
They shall attempt manifesting
They shall venture, they shall return
They shall conquer, overcoming

Upon the Crossing

Emily:
One last piece of advice, and then I have to leave
Follow your heart's desire, it will lead you to your destiny

***portal**

Mel:
What does that mean in this place?
What yearning leads to my fate?
What is the game I must play
That will guide me?
The current draws me along
An impulse so clear and strong
A feeling I can't go wrong
If I follow

***portal**

Every pore of the Field is my destination
Every detail paints my motivation
To The Keepers who gave me their direction
From the Pit I will manifest protection

***portal**

The Great Emptiness

A surge ascends, I brace myself, holding no ground
The real buckles, I am tempest tossed
I manifest, best defense, affects nothing
I now repent, The battle is Lost

There's no caring in this place
I'm so lost and all alone
Coming here was a mistake
I just wanna go home

The Keeper's Confession

Dear one, let me calm your inquiry. Vicious are The False, don't you find?
Villains only in appearance, The Keepers and The False are intertwined

Things appear many, but don't get caught up by your notions
All things in The Field are one

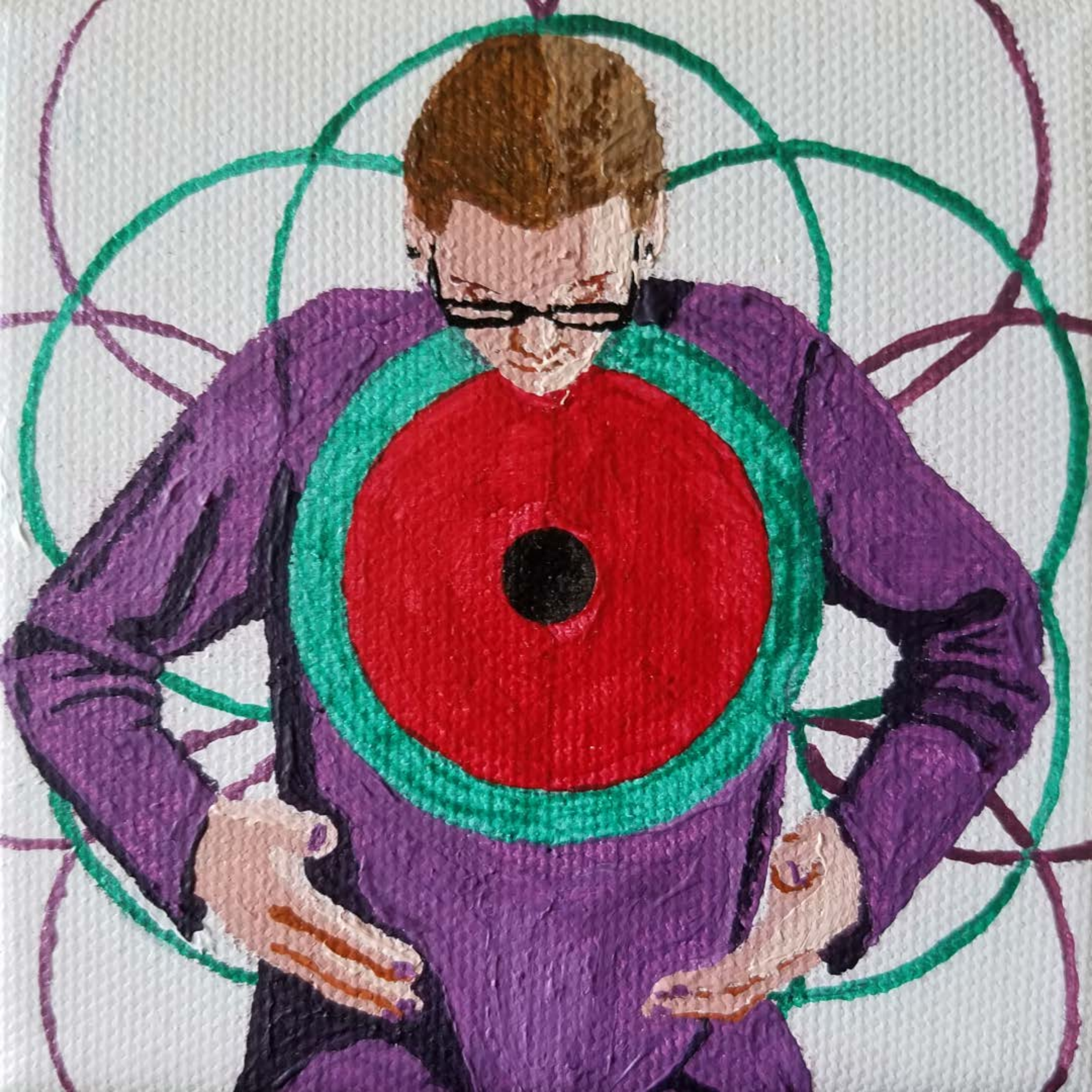
Dear one, let me tell you of The Pit. I will tell you how it came to be
False and Keeper struck a compromise, grew a place for False's harmony

Things appear many, but don't get caught up by your notions
All things in The Field are one

When you met The Pit, opened unto it, manifest nothing but fear
The Pit had naught to do, but imprint onto you, and you'll carry it from here

Dear one, let me tell you one more thing, now The Pit's become The Emptiness
Not to be restored, it will stand. Pillar to persistence and distress

Things appear many, but don't get caught up by your notions
All things in The Field are one
All things in The Field are one



Some Kind of Victory

I returned to a normal kind of life
Plastered with visions of what came before
You told me “remember where you’ve been
Sew the life you want from the cloth you’ve torn”

Thought I was surfing, but the waves got too high
I learned to keep The Emptiness inside

No matter who I seemed to tell
All were puzzled and none could relate
I found as excited as I’d been
My trip was difficult to incorporate

The darkness I keep to myself
I fear that it’s dangerous
It’s kept safely locked away
Hid not to alienate

Settled in a quiet kind of life
Days filled with crafting and reflection
Content to be, not manifest
Creating simply this dissertation
Achieve future enlightenment
Life fulfilled, no more incarnation

The Great Emptiness* is the tale of a genderqueer individual named Mel, who's fed up with society, and finds a different way through discovery of a parallel dimension called The Field.

*This has not about concepts of the same name found in Buddhism or cosmology.

released October 1st, 2021

Laura CK: vocals, guitars, bass, programming, keys, engineering, mixing, mastering
River Harper: vocals, kalimba

~For Jazz~

All artwork by Laura CK
except for paint mixing on “Some Kind of Victory” by River Harper

Tracks 1-12 music & lyrics by Laura CK
Additional music tracks 2, 4, 6, 7, 8, 11 and 12 by River Harper
Additional lyrics track 4, 6 by River Harper

Recorded August 2020 - August 2021 in our apartment.

Creative Commons sounds sampled for the portal:
"Bubbling, Large, A.wav" by InspectorJ (www.jshaw.co.uk) of Freesound.org
"Hand Bells, E, Single.wav" by InspectorJ (www.jshaw.co.uk) of Freesound.org
“Tearing a piece of paper” by Dymewiz of Freesound.org

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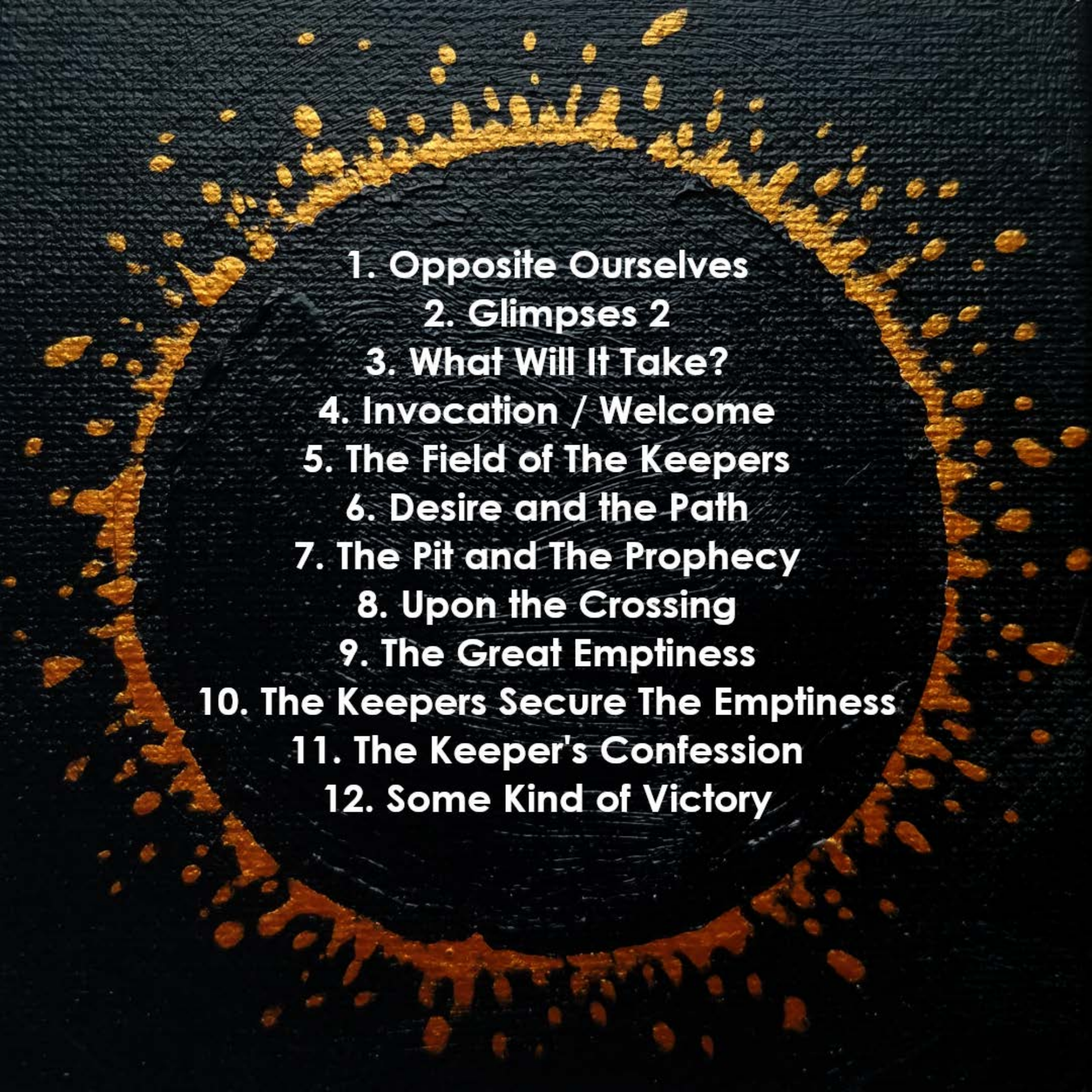
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